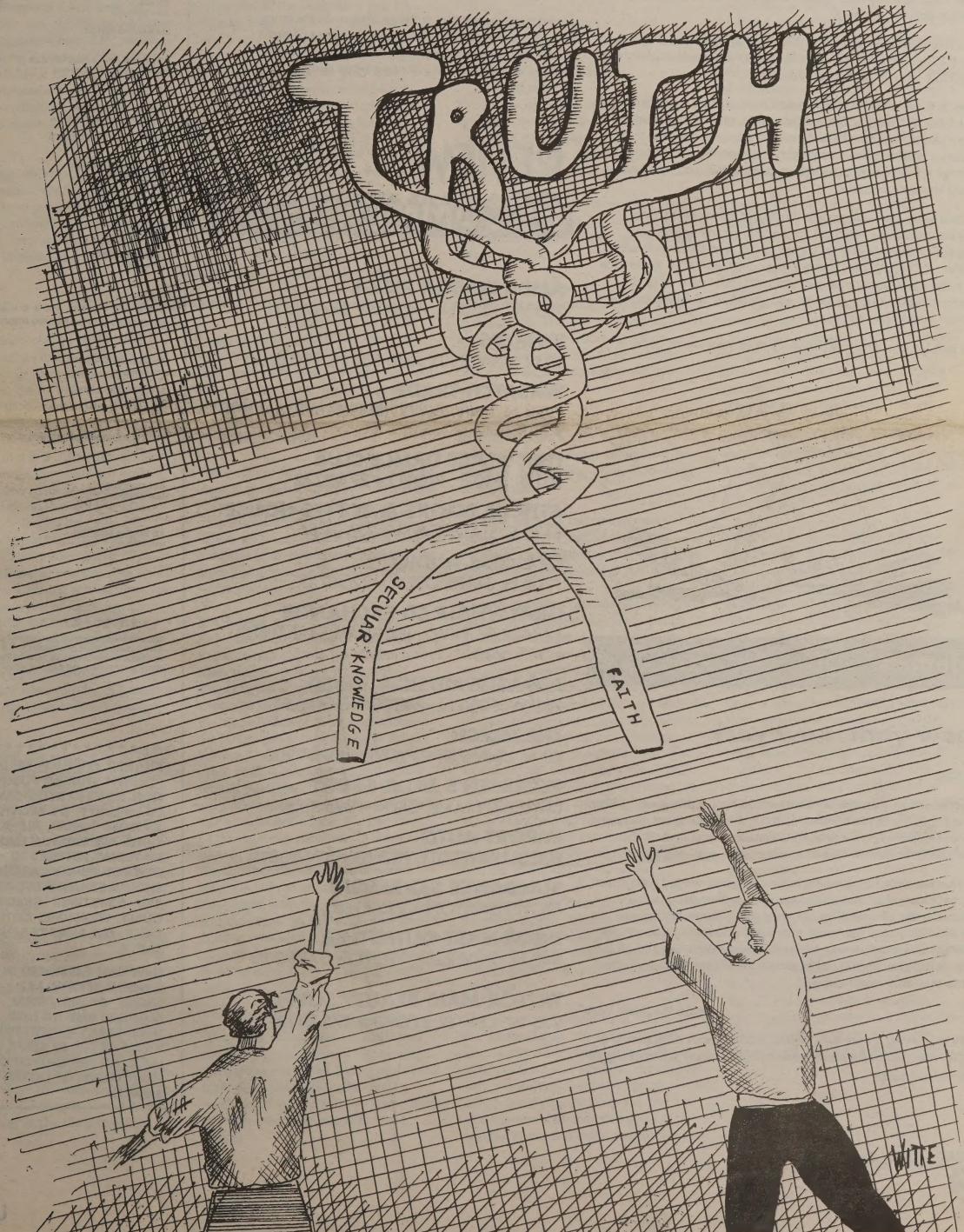


Student REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • JUNE 24, 1992



NOTE from the editor

moral baselines

I'm surprised how quickly people are realizing that our economic policy—capitalism—is the cause of the myriads of problems that we students face every day: academic "freedom," environment, housing, jobs, politics, etc. Money drives all of them, and the ethics of a free market allow for pollution, homelessness, unemployment, and political promises.

But what about the morality of our system?

Is it moral for a university to limit its faculty voice and research because what they may choose to study and discuss may not be endorsed by a certain creed or belief system?

Is it moral for some people to control the issue of "housing" and how much it costs, over other people's heads—even though market demand allows it?

Is it moral for one country of the world to control and demand the lion's share of the world's resources, while refusing to share equitably with its poorer neighbors?

The "is it moral" list can go on and on, touching every aspect of our lives, including religion. Many times, ethically speaking, we can indulge in certain behaviors, endorse certain views, and distance ourselves from problems. But morally, we are bound to change those behaviors, question those views, and step knee-deep into the problems.

In this issue, we have people looking at the moral aspects of environmentalism—Michael Ho's article clearly argues and implicates the role *each* of us has in this world's environmental future. Michael Quinn, Suzanne Lundquist, and Alan Keele look at some moral aspects of our education, how each of us is responsible for using all truths and shedding all falsehoods—no matter where they are found.

So indulge in a little moralizing—it does your world good. △

letters

new york, new york

Editor:

Just a note to Matthew Workman to say "you done good." I liked the article on "A New Yorker at BYU." I had the same dull stares from people when I was at BYU and said I was from N.Y. People there had no clue as to where N.Y. was—on Mars?

I was also wondering where my subscription went. I didn't even get a "Dear John" that our relationship is over. My reading includes the *Church News* (for their side), *Sunstone* (for our side), *BYU Today* just 'cause they insist on sending it to me, the *Ensign* and *New Era* only when the spirit moves me, and *SR* for the better side of BYU. I'll have to read *Village Voice* and other cute rags until I get more *SRs*.

—Loren Fay, New York

We're working on the subscription process. Don't be surprised if your mail person herniates while trying to deliver your backlog of Reviews—Editor

staff notes

Thanks to everyone who made this issue possible. Our production staff was recently depleted of personnel, and a few old hands unfamiliar with the new house style had to step in at the last minute to take up the slack.

june issue staff people

Kudos on this issue go to Lisa Robbins for her submission of "The Road to BYU," but more importantly, for her submitting it already typed in. Thank you.

Also deserving mention is Bryan Waterman for being able to coerce/force/humbly beg articles out of three faculty members—an unparalleled feat in recent *SR* history. May the hair on your toes be as curly as that on your head.

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a marketplace of ideas, a house of faith, and a prison of conformity

Editor's Note: Michael Quinn submitted his resignation as a Professor of History at BYU in January of 1988. He published this essay in the Student Review the following April, and it was subsequently published in the March 1988 issue of Sunstone. We reprint it here with the author's permission. For the steps leading to Quinn's departure from BYU, see his essay "On Being a Mormon Historian" reprinted in Faithful History, George D. Smith, ed., Signature Books, 1992. Quinn is currently a freelance writer and independent researcher, and lives in New Orleans.

I first left Brigham Young University as a graduating senior, and now leave BYU's history faculty to pursue career goals outside the university. As a student and teacher, I've developed certain ideas about faith, intellect, and freedom.

by d. michael quinn

A true university should be a Marketplace of Ideas. As in any free marketplace, the goods have various uses, shapes, sizes, colors, and qualities. One size doesn't fit all, certain things may not appeal to some people, and merchandise varies from the price-worthy to the shoddy. As in a free marketplace, the vendors of ideas promote their wares vigorously, and challenge competing products. They do this without asking permission, or feeling that they are taking risks beyond the fact that not everyone will want their goods. This freedom means that you can look at, try on, or obtain anything that interests you. In this marketplace of ideas you can outgrow or otherwise discard once-valued things, but you may also find ideas that will expand you throughout life. The vendors of these ideas typically don't monitor what you do with them—dispensing the ideas is their primary objective.

You don't feel that you are being bold, or daring, or courageous, or offensive for exploring and promoting the ideas that are freely part of the marketplace of a university. Like any marketplace, an open university is often boisterous, unruly, energetic, exciting, multi-dimensional, fluid, and structured only enough to maintain the integrity of that orderly chaos of the mind.

On the other hand, a House of Faith is calmer, more secure, and heavily structured. In it, you move through corridors through which countless others have passed in orderly procession. Rooms have certain uses, and you soon learn the expected behavior as you move from room to room. Yet even within the House of Faith, there is diversity—some rooms are more fully occupied and used than others, and people don't always act the same way in the same room.

The House of Faith doesn't lack adventure, either, because you may chance upon a room so long in disuse that even the custodians of the House of Faith have forgotten it. Equal to your excitement in exploring such a place is the fear on the part of the custodians that you will take a misstep in the dimly lit room. Even if you are in the company of a few others, the custodians still worry because they feel responsible for your safety in a house they didn't build, whose floor plans they don't know precisely. How you act, talk, and think are far more important to the custodians of the House of Faith than these things are to the vendors in the Marketplace of Ideas.

It's difficult to live in a marketplace, or to find constant shelter and comfort there. A house provides shelter, comfort, and the association of those who should be there to love you, rather than accost you

as vendors often do.
Ideally, the Marketplace of Ideas surrounds the

House of Faith, so that you can pass freely from one to the other, back and forth, without feeling you have lost your place in either. This should be true because the Master of the free-flowing Marketplace of ideas is also the Architect of the House of Faith.

Yet some vendors in the Marketplace of Ideas may ridicule those who live in the House of Faith, and a few residents may choose to abandon that great house. Others within the House of Faith may complain to the custodians about the quality of goods they found in the Marketplace of Ideas.

In response, some custodians and residents of that House of Faith may seek to discourage visits to the Marketplace of Ideas unless you have an approved shopping list. If sufficiently worried about the freedoms and vulnerabilities of the Marketplace of Ideas, custodians of the House of Faith may seek to shutter the windows, to discourage visits to the open marketplace, and instead offer a limited selection of "safe" goods, and to persuade residents of the House of Faith that a controlled choice is a free choice. At the extreme, resistance to the openness of ideas and the vulnerabilities of freedom may develop into a culture which is not the creation of him who established both the Marketplace of Ideas and the House of Faith. All of us may be familiar with such a culture which I have learned about with much interest and some sadness. It is a Prison of Conformity.

In this specific case, its leaders distrust the outside world, and are convinced that this culture is destined to spread throughout the world. In the zeal of that faith, these authorities also distrust members of this culture who are different in any respect from the authorized norms.

Convinced that regular members of the culture would only be confused by unrestricted inquiry, the authorities of this Prison of Conformity have adopted several methods of inhibiting freedom. First, they publicize only positive features of the culture, unless some negative information is necessary to chastise those who don't live up to expectations.

Second, they deny access to crucial information, and allow "free" and "professional" access only to sanitized documents or information.

Third, they use intimidation to discourage those who have forbidden knowledge from circulating it or publishing it, unless it is the authorized version of the culture's history, beliefs, and practices.

Fourth, they portray independent thinkers as renegades who are seeking to disturb the happiness and loyalty of the rest of the culture.

Fifth, they persuade the rest of the culture that such information is irrelevant or dangerous, and that they should avoid any contaminating association with such ideas or with persons whose independence of thought and action are by definition disloyal.

Sixth, the leaders persuade themselves and the rest of the people that the culture is actually better off without the presence or influence of these independent people.

Seventh, they use the instruments of power within the culture to harass, isolate, silence, expel, or force into exile those who do not conform sufficiently.

Even though the conforming majority of people feel indifferent or even hostile toward the independent writers and activists, some rank and file members of the society quietly read, circulate, and discuss the independent ideas, and give quiet encouragement to the activists. One of these independent types, who loves the culture but rejects its oppressive conformity, has complained about the attitude of the authorities toward "that 'past' which 'ought not to be stirred up,'" and he continued, "What we remember is not actually what happened, not history, but merely that hackneyed dotted line they have chosen to drive into our memories by incessant hammering... We have to condemn publicly the very idea that some people have the right to oppress others." Still, in my own study and experience, this culture has good qualities, and its people are generally kind and friendly, even to outsiders.

This Prison of Conformity is, of course, the Soviet Union, about which I just quoted Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*. I had personal experience with this culture five years ago as part of BYU's Study Abroad program, and am still impressed by that visit and my reading about this culture of repression.

The Soviet Union is merely an extreme example of lofty goals subverted into a repressive conformity. The French Revolution's ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity disintegrated into the Guillotine Terror in which thousands of men, women, and children died because they did not fit the commoners' ideal. God's revelations and commandments to Moses on Sinai became a repressive burden upon believing Jews who struggled to conform to Pharisaical requirements. Roman Catholicism emerged from a heritage of persecution and therefore embarked on centuries of repression against any believing Catholics who did not meet certain standards of orthodoxy and practice. The persecuted Puritans fled to America to establish their "City on a Hill" to God's glory, and then banished from their colony such nonconformists such as Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams.

Some years ago, BYU professor of religion Hugh W. Nibley warned students and administrators alike about the dangers of intellectual stagnation and stultifying conformity at BYU. In his "Educating the Saints," he commented that "the authorities have tended to delegate the business of learning to others, and those others have been only too glad to settle for the outward show, the easy and flattering forms, trappings and ceremonies of education." In his "Zeal Without Knowledge," Professor Nibley criticized and administrative and student sense of superiority that stifles spiritual development, and observed that it was common to hear the attitude, "We are not seeking for truth at the BYU; we have the truth!"

There is a danger that BYU's slogans may be more accurate in their inverted form. Instead of "The World is Our Campus," the reality may be that "The Campus Is Our World." Rather than "Enter to Learn, Go Forth to Serve," BYU's overwhelming emphasis on deference, compliance, and conformity, creates the danger that students enter BYU to serve, and must go forth into a freer world to learn. Twenty years ago, a joke making the rounds was that the autocratic president of BYU had written a book titled "Free Agency and How to Enforce It." To the degree that this attitude exists, the institution and its people are sliding away from the Marketplace of Ideas and House of Faith into the individual and cultural repressiveness of the Prison of Conformity. That development bothers me, and I hope those who remain at BYU will reflect upon the consequences of subordinating thought and faith to conformity.

I'll miss my personal associations at BYU, especially with students. I've learned from them, admired them, and hope that I've shared something of worth in exchange. I wish them God's blessings in their own efforts to live with both vigorous intellect and comforting faith. Δ

roundtable: professors on scholarship & testimony

all truth circumscribed in one great whole

Last October's visit to BYU by the renowned astrophysicist Freeman Dyson and a reading of his books *Infinite in All Directions* and *Disturbing the Universe* served to further convince me that great theology and great scholarship are not only compatible but are mutually and limitlessly illuminating, a conviction that has been deepened most recently by a remarkable week-long seminar with Parker Palmer and by his

if scholarship is the art of making connections, those who don't do it very well, or with much fantasy even within limited specialties, can hardly be expected to make the most daring and the most imaginative connections with other disciplines—not to mention other realms such as the realm of the transcendental.

Conversely, a theology is more likely to see itself as incompat-

by alan f. keele

associate dean of general and honors education

book *To Know as We Are Known: A Spirituality of Education*.

I have begun to believe that it may be only second-rate scholarship and third-rate theology that have the appearance of incompatibility. I realize there may be circular logic in my considering "great" that scholarship and that theology which sees itself as compatible, and as second- or third-rate that which does not.

But there may be some substance to my suspicion after all:

ible even with other systems of theology (not to mention other realms, such as the realm of scholarship) when it is limited to the contemplation of its own navel, when it is afraid or otherwise incapable of the kind of expansive and inclusive view of all truth fitting into one great holistic unity such as that advocated by Joseph Smith: "Thy mind, O man! if thou wilt lead a soul to salvation, must stretch as high as the utmost heavens, and search into and contemplate the darkest abyss, and the broad expanse of eternity" (*Teachings* 137).

Following this line of reasoning a bit farther, it is possible to posit that some protestations about the incompatibility of scholarship with faith may well be visible signs of various psychological defense mechanisms on the part of those whose theology or whose scholarship (or both) remains inadequate to that grand unifying task. Aesop tells us of the fox who, because he could not reach the grapes, pronounced them sour: "Since I have never seen an angel, angels do not exist," or,

"I've certainly never encountered any scholarship that illuminated my understanding of matters of the spirit; in fact, this world is corrupt and all worldly knowledge is corrupt."

In addition to such arguments from silence or from *a priori* dualistic categories about corruption, a person also encounters arguments from anecdote: "If you really get involved in scholarship you'll become an intellectual apostate like so-and-so," or, "If you try to mix the gospel in with scholarship you forsake objectivity and go off on a kind of Zarahemla expedition."

LDS theology is, by my admittedly circular definition, a *great* theology, for it appears to hold that the ultimate goal of each person created in the express image of God is nothing less than the acquisition of the knowledge possessed by God. To the LDS way of thinking, learning is central to both *theology* and *apostasy*, to God having become God and to humans following the pathway to Godhood. With its grand vision of the compatibility of all truth, LDS thought creates a counterpoint to systems of theology which consider education and scholarship essentially corrosive to faith and at best capable of playing a limited, utilitarian role in the lives of human beings.

BYU is uniquely positioned to match a great theology with great scholarship. It has the potential to be a confluence of faithful Latter-day Saint and selected faithful non-Mormon scholars who have been moved upon to dedicate their lives to the pursuit of what President Spencer W. Kimball called "bilingual" fluency in the languages of scholarship and faith, scholars who know that their faith has been rewarded by higher insights into their studies

in all the disciplines of human learning, that their study in their disciplines has rewarded them with higher insights into their faith, and that through study and faith all truth has begun to fit for them into the compass of one larger whole.

This is not to say that all scholars at BYU already fit this pattern, or that all fields of study now represented at BYU lend themselves equally well to it or to overt demonstrations of it. Difficult to define exactly, nevertheless, it does exist at BYU, deeply and strongly. Great scholar/theologians know it when they see it, know that it has nothing to do with awkward moralizing or shallow litmus tests of faith and orthodoxy, with shrill calls for all subjects to be gospel centered, or for the establishment of a strict pecking order for various sorts of knowledge. They know that to the extent it exists, BYU is uniquely worthy to continue to exist.

May their testimony to its existence drown out the arguments from silence; may their data silence the arguments from anecdote. △

"faith and scholarship": personal notes

During the early 1970s, the academic community at the University of Michigan was pre-occupied with pluralism in American Culture. At that time, I was working on a doctorate in the development of literacy. Eighteen doctoral students, including me, spent one semester examining the philosophical assumptions upon which various composition textbooks were based—attitudes towards language, culture, and the human mind.

Certain patterns began to emerge, patterns that could (surprisingly enough) be neatly categorized. We found

some standard in communication skills and to encourage conversation and writing about a shared body of knowledge—the Western canon. These two predominant models foster the literacy of conformity. The third model, which began to emerge in the late sixties/early seventies, was the "bi-cultural model." This model (based on the precepts of mutual esteem) encouraged the investigation of both Western and non-Western constructs of the world while providing the writing and reading skills necessary for shared experiences. This is the literacy of power.

What became increasingly clear to all of us—faculty and doctoral candidates alike—is that you can't teach people you don't understand. For this reason, we spent an entire semester exploring minority cultures within America, each student taking a different folk group to research. I was the Gospel Doctrine teacher in the Ann Arbor Ward during that semester and we were studying the Book of Mormon. Because of the Latter-day Saint commitment to "Lamanites," I asked to spend my month's research time exploring Native American cultures. The entire focus of my life's work changed as a result of that short month. I ended up teaching Native American Literature at the University of Michigan for three years; I wrote my dissertation on a Native American sacred character, the Trickster; and I have continued to teach, write, and think about Native peoples throughout the entire "Third World" as a result.

Always my scholarship and the scriptures carry on a

dialogue in my mind. My understanding of ritual, sacred narratives, the worth of souls, the gathering, and the plan of salvation in relationship to the various races of humankind has been augmented and magnified as the result of my studies. Native American Sacred texts illuminate my understanding of my own scriptures and my own scriptures clarify Native texts. Mellen Research University Press will be publishing my text *College Composition: A Course in Ethnographic Thinking* this coming school year. This text is based on my work in comparative mythology—all informed by my study of the Bible, Book of Mormon, and the Pearl of Great Price.

My witness is this: every culture has some pan-human contribution to make to the well-being of the rest of humanity, especially through the study of their experiences with the divine; Christ does indeed speak to all cultures "both in the east and in the west, and in the north, and in the south, and in the islands of the sea" and He causes them "to write it" (2 Nephi 29:11); these narratives will be part of the gathering ("my word also shall be gathered in one" [29:14]); and as others' experiences and sacred narratives are gathered "in one, we will be mutually edified by the unique witness and contribution of each. As the First Presidency so rightly stated regarding "God's Love for All Mankind": "The great religious leaders of the world such as Mohammed, Confucius, and the Reformers, as well as the philosophers including Socrates, Plato, and others, received ... God's light. Moral truths were given to them by God to enlighten whole nations and to bring a higher level of understanding to individuals" (cited in *The Ensign* May 1980: 12). △



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the academic mind and spirituality

The question is often raised, Does the academic atmosphere stultify spirituality?

The answer to this question, to my mind, is very simple: There is nothing about the academic atmosphere which is necessarily inimical to the spirituality of a person. But of course this must be explained.

The academic atmosphere is the world of scholarship, science and professing to expertise. It is found in rich supply at university campuses but can also be found anywhere there is a person

**by chauncey c. riddle
professor of philosophy**

who focuses on science, or scholarship, or the profession of expertise in science or scholarship. My thesis is that this atmosphere is just like any other atmosphere of this world: Every atmosphere offers an opportunity to choose. The unschooled day laborer, the medical doctor, the university professor, the machinist, the truck driver, the housewife all have an equivalent opportunity to choose.

Spirituality is choosing between good and evil. Everyone is "spiritual" to the same degree as everyone else, because we are all spiritual beings. We each have a spirit body that responds to spiritual stimuli. There are two kinds of spiritual stimuli: Good and evil. Some persons use their spiritual opportunities to choose good, while others use them to choose evil (and as a matter of fact everyone chooses at least a little of both). There are two spirits. One is a holy influence: the light of Christ, which comes to all persons, and which is continuous with the influence of the Holy Ghost, which testifies of Christ and his power for saving human beings. The mission of the Holy Spirit is to witness of truth and of the righteousness which fulfills the divine love. The other spirit is an evil spirit which entices all people toward lies and selfishness: the influence of Satan.

I believe that Father's plan is so perfectly executed by our Savior that everyone on earth has the full and identical opportunity to choose between good and evil during their probation. No one is especially favored or protected from either influence, except that little children cannot be tempted directly by Satan. But every adult may

choose good, which will eventuate in inheriting all that Father has, or they may choose evil, which will eventuate in their becoming a law unto themselves in the outer darkness part of eternity.

Why then do the scriptures speak of the learned as in special peril? Because they are in special peril. But everyone is in special peril if they choose evil. The learned pretend to know, which increases their pride. It is pride, enmity towards God, which is the great problem, not the learning. Unlearned persons can also be proud and thus in as great a jeopardy. But unlearned persons are less likely to have a wide influence among their fellows, so will be less accountable than the learned who try to influence others with their learning. The learned are no more likely to choose evil than the unlearned, but the evil they do is likely to be greater than that of the unlearned.

Why did the Savior destroy the world in the flood? Was it not to destroy an evil society, so that the influence of that society would not persist another generation? Indeed it was so, say the scriptures. But learning was only an incidental part of that evil generation: it was their pride in doing all things at their own will and pleasure in defiance of the instructions of God which was the occasion for their destruction.

The scriptures are specific: to be learned is good, if one hearkens to the counsel of God. But if one is proud and does not hearken to the counsel of God, one will reap the whirlwind for that prouddness, be they learned or unlearned.

Conclusion 1: It is incumbent upon Latter-day Saints who pursue science, scholarship and the professing of same to be a light unto the world: to hold up the light of Christ. Then learning combines with spirituality to assist all who will hear to turn and hearken to the true and living God—which turning is the only salvation unto eternal happiness made possible by our mortal probation. The path to destruction is followed by those who deliberately use academic opportunity to foster the evil and proud spirit, which rejects God.

Conclusion 2: There is no such thing as neutrality or objectivity. Everyone, knowingly or unknowingly, fosters either the influence of God or the influence of Satan. △

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the road to byu

scott and clay's note: we don't know who this guy is, how we got this, or even why we got this. anyway, the following appeared in the UC Davis newspaper The California Aggie on April 22, 1991.

With a spring in my step, joy in my heart and a smile on my face, I skipped merrily to the mailbox, opened it and found three rejection letters from all three cold, heartless graduate schools I had applied to.

Golly. What to do? Get ... a job?

Wiping the last tear of laughter from my face, I mailed requests for applications to every other graduate school in North America.

Wading through the ensuing postal flood, I fished out an application to BYU. Solid department. Good professors. Not too late to apply.

But wait a minute ... What's this? You have to sign a "Code of Honor Commitment" promising that you will:

- (1) Obey, honor and sustain the law.
- (2) Abstain from alcoholic beverages, tobacco, tea and coffee.
- (3) Live the law of chastity.

And you must agree to abide by the "Dress and Grooming Standards," which state:

"Shorts, swimming suits, and gym clothes are acceptable wear only in the living and athletic areas. So-called 'grubby attire' may be worn only in the immediate areas of residence halls ... but not in dining areas. Grubby attire includes tank tops, sweat suits, jogging attire, bib overalls, clothes with holes ... Men must wear socks with shoes."

"Acceptable attire will be designated for each student body dance."

"MEN: Beards are not acceptable. Beards are defined as noticeable growth that is beginning to look 'grubby' ... Under rare circumstances a few students with medical situations may wear neatly trimmed beards ... Mens' hairstyles should be clean, neat, and trim."

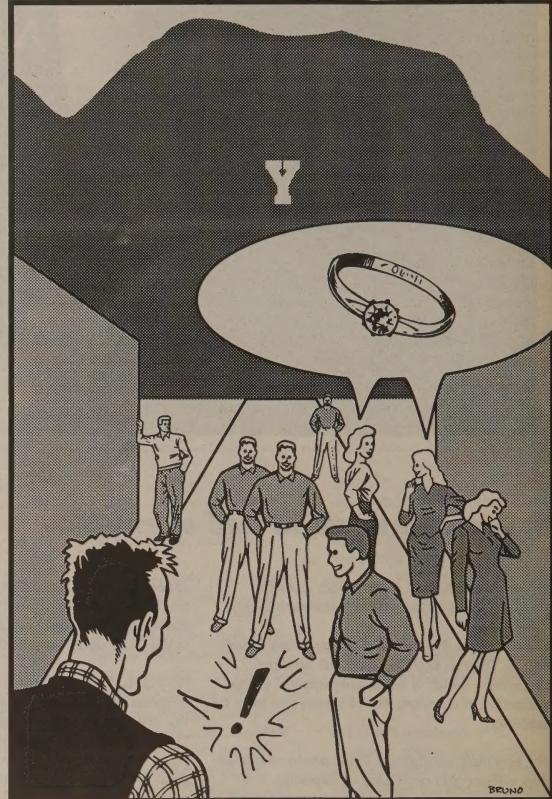
"WOMEN: A woman's dress, skirt, culottes, or slacks are to extend at least to the top of the knee while she is standing ... Evening and formal wear may not include low-cut or strapless gowns."

Gee-whillikers. Could your average Aggie cut it at BYU? I decided to visit the campus in Provo, Utah before I applied.

I called my friend Alex. He said "road trip" before I could.

Tunes cranking, shades on, we got as far as Sacramento when a delightful CHP officer proffered Alex a written reminder to obey, honor and sustain the law. Whoops. Alex decided he would go to traffic school and learn how to become a "safe driver for life"—for the fourth time.

At Circus Circus in Reno we stumbled to the nickel video poker machines—stumbled partly because of the beers, partly because we were wearing



sunglasses in a dimly lit casino. We had beers of course, because we were abstaining from tobacco, tea or coffee. Oh wait. Maybe we were supposed to abstain from all of them. Whoops. Looking around, we noticed that there were few, if any, BYU students here.

Just outside Reno, Exit 23: Mustang. The infamous Mustang Ranch. Alex and I looked at each other. Whoops. The devil himself must have paved the highway to BYU.

We knew we could just visit the bar, but as Aggies we were confronted with the question: Would it be politically correct to visit a whorehouse? As we mused over this question, we pulled into the lot next to the Broncos, Chevy Novas, truck cabs and pick-ups. Ringing the buzzer on the gate, we walked into the pink pastel building. We walked into a wall of 10 women, all lined up, all looking at us expectantly. Frogs in a flashlight, we finally mustered, "Uh ... just drinks."

Three Japanese men smoked at the bar, uninterested in us. A large, ape-like bartender demanded our order. From the vast menu—Bud or Bud Light—we selected two Bud Lights. Ape-man plunked down two thimbles of Bud Light and took us for \$6. Looking around, I noticed that few, if any, BYU students were here.

A woman walked up to us and asked, "Are you fellows going to the bedroom?" Hmmm. But we hardly know each other. Could it be love at first sight? Or perhaps, was this a bar in a whorehouse? Feeling the pressure of explaining all this to my girlfriend, I

looked to Alex who was feeling other pressures. Alex mustered, "Sorry, no, we're just having drinks." We ducked out and hit the highway. P.C. all the way.

After 301 miles of Nevada, Alex and I came to several conclusions: (1) Nevada is beautiful in its own God-forsaken, bleak, miserable, wind-ravaged, pimped-with-sagebrush way; (2) never pick up hitchhikers in a prison area; (3) the asphalt we were driving on was contiguous with the asphalt in my apartment's parking lot in Davis; (4) I should lie about what really happened at the Mustang in my column.

We crashed in Elko, Nev.

Crossing into Utah the next morning, we reflected that no two adjacent states are more philosophically opposed than Nevada, whose motto is "Yea, it's legal," and Utah, whose motto is "You can't touch this."

Finally, we arrived at BYU. The campus sits right at the foot of a dramatic, towering, snow-covered mountain that looks like ... THE VERY FACE OF GOD! Or just a mountain. Yes, just a mountain.

As we strolled past the dorms, we saw four students (who looked remarkably like the people in the pictures that come with frames) raking leaves and putting them into plastic bags. Now there's something

please see
the road
on page 8

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1. Artificial insemination of Red Pandas, 2. Green,
3. Jay Leno's new curtains, 4. Casablanca on big screen, 5. The "no tan" look, 6. No Universe on Mon. and Fri., 7. Camelot Forest, 8. End to primaries, 9. fuzzy butts, 10. summer solstice, 11. College world series, 12. Corn dogs and otter pops, 13. Kim Deal, 14. 900E S.L.C., 15. unveiled Elvis stamp, 16. Frank Sinatra, 17. TP with baby lotion 18. Frozen Yogurt, 19. colloquialisms, 20. The Women's minor

B O T T O M T E N

- EFY, "If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and dial again," song overplay, camping out at Smith's, chemical imbalances, rape, melted yogurt, "Bushisms," fuzzy backs, collywobbles (look it up)

provo 84606

Music blasted and people swung in chaotic circles. Lights flashed and sweat flew through the hot, thick air. In the corner stood a small group of elite chatting amongst themselves and radiating a sense of confidence that made them the ones to watch. It was High School Country Night at the Palace, and this group included Jared, Betsy, Heath, Buffy, Joseph and Wanda. They were all friends, best friends, and at Provo High School they ruled their own world where they **by s.** lived life by their own rules, and did things Provo style. They were the coolest—everyone wanted to be like them and be around them. It wasn't just their cool styled hair cuts, flannel shirts, and monster Chevy trucks, but they always seemed to have something going on. It was like they had a new and exciting adventure to live, and an important lesson to learn, every week, and tonight was no exception, in Provo, 84606.

Buffy was with the group as usual. For her, tonight was a

little different. She had just been dumped by her week-long boyfriend Ephraim, and she was looking for some relief from her torturous agony. Carelessly rebelling against Mother's advice, she had worn her shortest miniskirt. Just about everyone at the club knew what color underwear she had on. Betsy was quietly conversing with Buffy, trying to help her overcome her pain, but warning her best friend of the dangers of immodest dress standards. "You're going to

s. tito whitmore

get a new fellow tonight for sure with that skirt, honey, but be careful: there are a few creeps here tonight that might try to bother you!" Just then a tall handsome stud wearing a BYU sweatshirt moved in to ask Buffy for a dance. She glanced up surprised, and gave a sultry little smile towards Betsy as she walked off to the dance floor. Buffy knew that this was exactly the kind of guy Betsy was warning her about but she didn't care—it was her night to be in the lime-light.

Betsy couldn't believe her eyes. She ran over to the group to tell them the terrible news. Everyone was shocked! Buffy was dancing with a BYU bastard, and he was probably an RM too! How could she stoop so low? Jared and Joseph were all ready to go out and show that geek that he didn't belong here tonight, but they were restrained by the girls, who urged them to leave the two alone and let Buffy learn her own lesson. They all watched as the two continued to dance song after song, closer and closer. Then, when the night finally ended, Buffy was nowhere to be seen.

The search was on. Their friend was in trouble and they had to help. They checked out all the BYU hotspots: Johnny B's, the Wilk, the Pie, the Living Room. Heath and Jared even stumbled onto a CDU party and got the hell beat out of them for no particular reason. But Buffy was nowhere to be found and they were worried sick. "She shouldn't have worn such a short mini skirt," commented Wanda. "She was just asking some sicko like that to go after her." The night dragged on and they

lost all hope. One by one they returned to their homes with downtrodden looks of sadness, hoping and praying that she was by some miracle okay, but they feared the worst.

The next day they all went to school, still with their fancy hairdos, flannel shirts, and Wrangler jeans, but they had lost that spark. They were like a group of prairie groundhogs with a hole to crawl in. At lunchtime they went to their usual spot in Sounds Easy Pizza and sat in the corner without even speaking. The time had just come to return to school when suddenly Buffy came running in with her hair ruffled, her face streaked with grooves of tears, and a horrified look on her face. Everyone jumped up in surprise and embraced her, happy that she had finally come back. After the initial shock had worn off they all started asking her what had happened. "We'll kill that BYU bastard" yelled Heath, still bruised and battered. Buffy continued to sob and finally through muffled gasps



uttered, "He asked me to marry him!" They were shocked; it was worse than they had expected. He had gone way too far! He had no right, even if she was wearing a mini skirt that was just a little bit too high! They swore to get revenge, but for now they were just glad to have the old Buffy back again, even though she had been scarred emotionally by the experience. She was going to be all right, but it might take some time; at least a week.

Buffy had learned her lesson this time and they were all ready for a new adventure and new excitement because they were the kids of Provo High in Provo, 84606. △

c a p t i v e q u e r i e s

If you saw Rex Lee standing in front of Food 4 Less with a "will work for food" sign what would you do?

"I'd have him do ten push-ups, then I'd give him an apple"—*Dave Anderson*

• "I'd have him dress like a Nazi and goosestep around campus chanting 'I'm a fascist'"—*Wade Heringer*

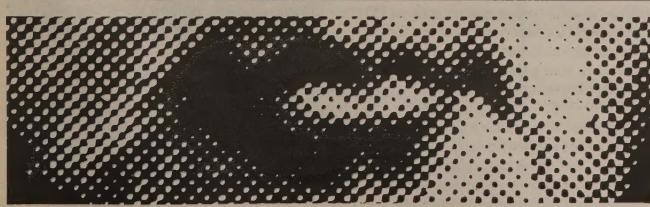
• "I'd make him grow a beard, grow his hair long, and go with out socks"—*Mary Bown*

• "I'd have him give me a full body massage"—*Kim Hale*

• "I would have him personally chauffeur me to all my classes in his golf cart"—*Mark Hansen*

• "Have him take my business law test and then give him Sharps beer and pretzels"—*Alan Johansen*

- "Dress up in drag and go to a CDU dance"—*Brent Wescott*
- "Make him give the parking cops an enema"—*Laura Leach*
- "Have him come over and castrate my cattle"—*Paul Richards*
- "I'd have him clean my fish tank with his tongue"—*Heidi Edwards*
- "Have him be an official 'late night' escort for potential rape victims"—*Susan Lundquist*
- "Let him starve"—*Ed Belnap*



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ross the boss

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHH"

Know who that was? Why, it was George Bush and Bill Clinton, who screamed the instant they read the name

faced with the possibility of the president being decided not by the people, not by the electoral college, but by the House. The reasons: voter

• Environment. When asked about the environment, Perot replied, "Fix it?" How? What would you do? "Fix it." What specific measures would you

• World Organizations. Perot has stated that he thinks the U.S. would do better as a world leader if the U.S. was the only country on the U.N.

Security Council. In response to criticism of that policy by the Secretary-General and other Security Council members, Perot said, "Their headquarters is in my country. Hell, I could raze the place and build a swimming pool there if I wanted."

• Trade Imbalance. Perot proposes the "If You Buy American, I'll Give You Something" program, "something" meaning dollar bills signed by Perot himself.

Already, Perot campaign officials have been swamped with requests for Perot-signed dollar bills. Although they can presently handle the demand, Perot officials confide that the easiest way to distribute the bills is to change the currency by putting Perot's picture on the one and one hundred thousand dollar bills. Don't worry George W. Ross will put you on his board of directors to make it up to you.



Ross Perot. Ross the billionaire. Ross the businessman. Ross the adventurer. Ross the presidential candidate. Now, one complaint about Mr. Perot is that he has no platform. People laugh when

dissatisfaction and the arrival of H. Ross Perot on the campaign scene. The following outlines the campaign platform of Mr. Perot.

Foreign Policy Issues

• Hostile Foreign Governments. Next time a foreign state gives the U.S. problems, we'll just buy them. Perot said that if Congress isn't willing to put up the money, he is not hesitant to "spend my own munay." And what will Mr. Perot do with the newly purchased country? He'll turn it into a resort much like the pre-Castro Cuba. Incidentally, Perot has privately expressed interest in buying Cuba for his own personal use. "Only if they can make sausage, though," he added. What would he have done about Iraq? "Nuke 'em and use the glass formed by the fused sand to make computer screens for my computer company."

The last time a presidential race was thrown into the House of Representatives was 1824. James Madison won that one. Prior to this, Thomas Jefferson won the House's vote in the first case of the failure of the electoral college to choose the president. After all these years, the United States is once again

take to protect the environment? "I'd fix them, too. Texas is a big state, and I own a whole bunch of it. Don't mess with Texas." He then went on to describe his idea of "rubbing" the environment to get it back into shape. He proposes that every American spend ten minutes per day rubbing the environment in their communities.

from the U.S. to foreign prisons. Under Perot's timetable, sixty percent of the serious offenders in the U.S. system would be out of the country within five years. There will be no Willie Horton in this campaign.

• Unemployment. "If I can afford to employ the whole of China for a day, I think I can afford to develop American

That offer stands for George Bush and Bill Clinton, too. Perot expressed a desire to have his defeated opponents on the board of directors of his Texas-based computer company. "Anything for a fellow Texan. Arkansas is pretty close to Texas as you well know. I need good lawyers like Hilary Clinton."

the road continued from page 6

you don't see in Davis.

We asked a guy where the student hangout was. Somewhat taken aback by our appearance, he gave contradictory sets of directions (in a very pleasant manner) to a place about 50 feet away.

At what would be their Coffee House, if they served coffee, we got some drinks and sat down. On a message board nearby was written "I am better than average-looking, and a nice person. Why can't I find a man to marry me?" Scrawled around this question was "Dave 723-5911" and "Mike 763-2143" and "Fred 763-9288" and "Paul 723-7214." Another question was: "Why do all you BYU students look alike?"

We hung out on what would be their Quad for the afternoon, talking to a number of people who passed by. We observed: (1) all the students were white, friendly, neatly dressed, good-looking and had perfect teeth; (2) all the students were *too* friendly; (3) the campus was too quiet; (4) no one made eye contact with us; (5) there were a disproportionate number of conversations about engagement rings; (6) a woman with a walkie-talkie was discreetly observing us.

Aggies out of water, Alex and I felt the need to see a guy with long hair or a woman with short hair, or anyone looking slightly existentially disturbed. In short, where the hell were the art students?

On a wild whim, we headed for the art building, where we found more white, neatly-dressed, good-looking students, and some rather decent art.

For a moment we felt drawn to BYU—the friendly people, the high moral character, the sheer amount of money flowing into the campus—but something was not quite right. Then, suddenly, we figured out what the ominous undercurrent was: It was before the Red Hour.

Yes, before the *Red Hour*, as in that old Star Trek episode from the planet where everyone was extremely friendly, yet slightly robotic, and then at the Red Hour burst into a fit of wanton destruction. (It turns out, of course, that they are controlled by a computer that Capt. Kirk, in a spasm of convoluted logic, argues into self-destruction.)

Afraid of the impending Red Hour, Alex and I headed home on Highway 50, the self-proclaimed and aptly-named "Loneliest Road in America."

Thirteen hours, two tanks of gas and one lifespan-reducing, ear-splitting, out-of-nowhere powerpass by a low-flying Navy fighter jet later, we were safely back at Davis.

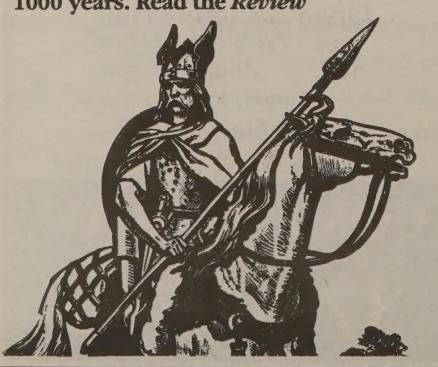
I opted not to apply to BYU □

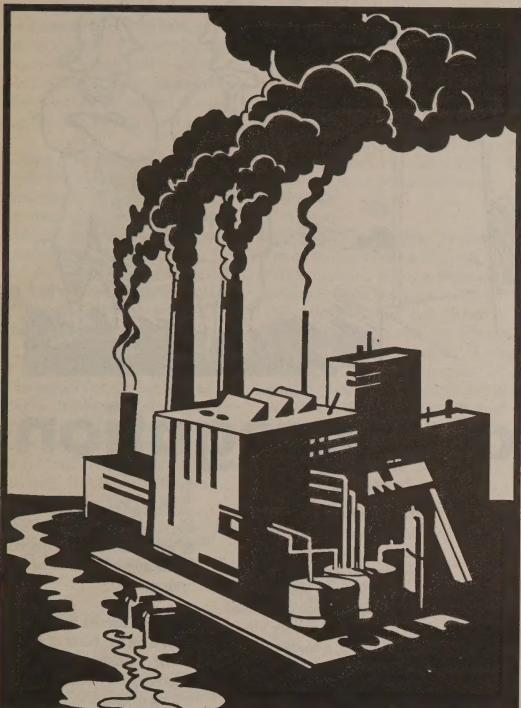
"The Road to BYU" first appeared April 22, 1991 in Bill Gates' column "Toys in the Attic" in The California Aggie, copyright 1991. Bill Gates now safely out of the country, attending grad school at the University of British Columbia.

by c. callaway

someone asks about Perot's position on ... well, anything. After realizing that we needed to find out what Perot stands for before the "Ross for Prez" Club started up at BYU, Campus Life staffers began a journalistic blitz to find out about' Perot. Here's the report they filed.

Bjorn's heart yearned for an independent student forum. He had to wait another 1000 years. Read the Review





we are the world —not a song by michael jackson

have decided that you can never hear enough, read enough, think enough about the environment. To say that *enough* has been done is to say that *we ourselves*, are at an end. We, you, and I, *are* the environment. Environmentalism is not an attitude that we "need" in order to "fix" the planet—environmentalism is about humanity. It's about us.

Look up the word in the dictionary: the "environment" is defined as something that surrounds you—it is the atmosphere you move through, the things you walk on and over and under, the people and places on your left and your right, in front and behind you. Generally, we limit the term to "the natural world." But in any case, whenever we talk about the environment, we're talking about something that is outside of us. How often have members of the LDS Church been told to beware "bad environments," which might lead astray? Again, the assumption is *we are not a part of that which tempts us—it is on the outside, we on the inside are doing okay*. But you know as well as I, that taking that sort of approach is arrogant—and for that matter, rarely makes for righteousness. Similarly, our polluted air and

oceans are considered something outside ourselves, something that requires meetings of thousands of leaders in Rio de Janeiro in order to fix. Keep talking about "fixing things," and politics will continue to be seen as the only way to deal with this big problem "out there," and nothing will ever get done.

I propose another definition for "environment": the environment is the total contents of a stage—including the actors. That means the environment is us. It makes sense, doesn't it? How can we claim to not be a part of the environment? How can we, through words and images, assume that the environment is something outside of us which we need to act upon and change? We're part of the food cycle. We breathe, and contribute to our atmosphere. We're *biological* creatures for heaven's sake, just like everything else God made. It seems to me that we are part of a great chain of being, one that pulls us even as we

**please see
the world
on page 11**

beyond politics: the basis of the ecological crisis

On an international political level, the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development is the most important step yet taken to combat the environmental quandary in which we find ourselves. We must acknowledge, however, that no political action will provide a panacea for ecological ailments.

Political, economic, and scientific factors provide significant barriers to progress, but the source of the environmental problem is a prevailing ideology rooted in our continual appetite for profit. Our consumption-based, profit-maximizing behavior stems from a lack of understanding about the relationship that humanity has with nature. Irrespective of what happens at the conference in Rio de Janeiro, environmental degradation will continue until we define a new ideology that transcends our prescribed way of life and increases our environmental consciousness such that we make individual decisions that change our current direction. In short, we need to become more aware of and sensitive to our spiritual relationship with nature.

by drew johnson

Judeo-Christian theology makes this eternal relationship with the environment clear. Calling attention to an important teaching, G. R. Driver says: "Few, if any readers of the Old Testament seem to have noticed that, as our text stands and as it can only be read without violating normal standards of interpretation, we are committed to the doctrine of resurrection ... of birds and beasts" (*Journal of Semitic Studies* 7:12). Revelation given in this dispensation proclaims this same concept of moving together into the eternities into "heaven, the paradise of God, the happiness of man, and of beasts, and of creeping things, and of the fowls of the air; that which is spiritual being in the likeness of his person, as also the spirit of beast, and every other creature which God has created" (D&C 77:2).

The spiritual nature of God's creations has been clear since the beginning: "Every living tree ... that is pleasant to the sight of man ... became also a living soul. For it was spiritual in the day that I created it" (Moses 3:9).

Joseph Smith not only acknowledges the spiritual nature of all things but advances that "God glorified Himself by saving all that His hands had made, whether beasts, fowls, fishes or men, and He will glorify Himself with them"

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politics
on page 11**

I'M SORRY, MR. FRANKLIN, BUT YOU DIDN'T GRADUATE FROM AN ACCREDITED HIGH SCHOOL!

ADMISSIONS

LAST TIME THEY TOLD HIM TO GO FLY A KITE!



uvcc and educational segregation

I was home educated my entire life before I came to BYU, which I entered at age 16. My sister Deborah, who had also been home schooled, decided she wanted to start college the same time I did. Since she was interested in nursing, she decided to get a degree at

with college textbooks." The administrator told Deborah the only thing that mattered was if she had graduated from an accredited *high school*, and that until Deborah had an accredited *diploma*, UVCC would classify her as a high school drop-out.

well as studying material she already knew. Option two—take the G.E.D. test.

Accordingly, Deborah went to find out what was required to take the G.E.D. in Utah. She was told three letters were required: one each from a parent, employer, and accredited teacher. Furthermore, no student is allowed in Utah to take the test before age 17, no matter what the reason. Since Deb was 16, this meant waiting another year to take the test.

When I spoke to the "G.E.D. person" I was

told there were absolutely no exceptions to the age limit. "Why does someone have to be 17 to take the test?" I asked. "What does age have to do with seeking educational opportunities?" The only response? It's the age prescribed by law.

After some reading, I discovered that Alaska, as well as a few other states, has no age limit for the G.E.D. I men-

tioned this to my friend, Mr. Y (an educator unaffiliated with UVCC),

and asked him why most states set an artificial age limit for taking the test. "Because if students of any age could take the test," he told me, "some might take it at a young age, pass, and escape public school control." Mr. Y also informed me of the "gentlemen's agreement" Utah's colleges have with the public high schools. Colleges do not provide financial aid to non-graduated high school students, or otherwise encourage them to accelerate

UVCC before transferring to BYU. That was her mistake.

The first sign of abnormality was Deborah's acceptance letter from UVCC, which listed her as a "non-matriculated" student. Deborah went to find out what "non-matriculated" meant. "It is the status assigned to students who have not completed high school," an administrator explained. "As soon as we receive your high school records, you will be upgraded to 'matriculated' status." Deborah said she *had* turned in her high school records. After several tries, she found the person with the right computer terminal. Sure enough, Deborah had turned in her records. "So what do I still need to do to get 'matriculated'?" Deb asked. "Nothing," Ms. X told her, "you aren't 'matriculated' because you haven't graduated from an accredited high school." "But," my sister explained, "I've taken solid, required courses through an accredited program, often

Deb's next task was finding out what "matriculation" involved. After several more referrals, someone explained that if a student wasn't "matriculated," any classes taken at UVCC would *count* as college credit, but neither financial aid nor a degree would be available. (Curious: "non-matriculated" students take the same classes "matriculated" students do.)

The next question was exactly

how Deb could get "matriculated" so she could finance her education. Since there is no way a home school or small private school can get accredited independently in Utah, there were only two possibilities. Option one—Deb could enroll in a correspondence program or study under the supervision of the public schools. This would mean surrendering control of her education to others (which is what we've both wanted to avoid all along) as

by dan witte

their learning. I eventually discovered that this often involves the public school system harassing anyone who assists students under age 18 into programs not controlled by the public schools; the result being, a student with collegiate scholastic ability is held in high school until all tax revenue that can be claimed by the school in the student's name is exhausted. If students bypass the public schools, the schools get less money. Thus, financial incentives in the current public education system reward institutions that "rehabilitate" and/or slow students down.

I told Deborah what I had learned. "Well," she said, "I'm not going to let them stop me from becoming a nurse." So she, I, and several of our relatives managed to scrape together enough money for Deb to go to UVCC for the "non-matriculated" year. In that time, Deb took classes in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, statistics, English, psychology, and other subjects which fulfilled her nursing prerequisites and BYU's GE requirements. Oddly enough, the students and faculty of UVCC (unlike its administration) didn't seem to have problem with her being home educated—they had the strange notion that *ability* should be the important factor in educational endeavors. Why UVCC would withhold \$2,000 of financial aid from a young lady taking heavy loads of science was incomprehensible.

In the end, since no state or school officials would help, Deb had to capitulate. When she turned 17 she paid all the fees and took the G.E.D. test—which she passed easily. At age 17, she is now suddenly a college junior, holds a scholarship position in

student government, reigns as the current Miss UVCC—and is "matriculated." No thanks to the administration, of course.

I tried to dismiss the discrimination on the basis of educational orientation (i.e., choosing home school) by telling myself UVCC administrators simply doubted her ability. That was until, however, I decided to transfer to UVCC from BYU, at age 18, just for the summer semester, because there were some classes I wanted to take. My acceptance letter came back marked "non-matriculated." I called. Yes they had received my high school and BYU records. So what was the problem? "You have not graduated from an accredited high school," the administrator said. "We don't 'matriculate' home schoolers at UVCC."

I explained to her that I had 82 credit hours at BYU. I had a 3.91 GPA. I had a high ACT score. I was a Truman Scholar nominee. All to no avail. My options? Take the G.E.D. test—or else graduate from BYU.

Fortunately, I had other sources for financial aid, I didn't bother taking the test. I earned a 4.0 that summer at UVCC, and had a great time there, as I have had at BYU. But I'm still not "matriculated." I don't need it. To me it symbolizes what is wrong with education in America. △

Note: Dan graduated in April with a B.S. in resource management, the youngest graduate from BYU this year. He has just completed An Alternative View, a book about the philosophy of alternative education.

politics

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(TPJS 291). When we subordinate God's creations for the sake of economic profit we put ourselves in a precarious position because we take for profit something God intended for his glory. Recreating the living things that have become extinct is surely within God's power, but it seems unlikely that is what He had in mind during the original creation.

Regarding glory and exaltation, Brigham Young states: "Always keep in view that the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms,—the earth and its fullness will all, except the children of man, abide their creation—the law by which they were made, and will receive their exaltation" (*Journal of Discourses* 8:191). Not only does he indicate that all living things play a role in the eternal plan, he makes it clear that we are the only creatures that are not assured exaltation. It's quite simple. A flower obeys the Lord's commandment to be a flower while humankind fails to obey the Lord's commandment to live righteously. This is not unlike the teaching found in The Book of Mormon where we are told that we are "less than the dust of the earth" because the dust obeys God and we don't (*Helaman* 12:7).

It seems rather apparent that not allowing all living things to fill the measure of their creation doesn't seem to be a wise strategy for people whose goal is exaltation. Why then do we so often subordinate plants and animals in plans for "economic progress"? We say that we cannot

survive without the jobs that bankrupt nature's storehouse. Hugh Nibley compares this rationale to that of a person who says they can't get up in the morning without a cup of coffee (*The Collected Works of Hugh Nibley* 9:174). We are limited by our own mental resources. We have become prisoners to a prescribed way of life that limits our options—a way of life that tells us we can't survive without the jobs provided by Geneva Steel and the logging industry in the Northwest.

This established lifestyle that results in the extinction of some of God's creations runs counter to the spirit of Joseph F. Smith's statement that "all things have an equal right to live!" (*Gospel Teachings* 372). He does not include a qualifying phrase: "As long as it doesn't restrict economic growth." Smith's comments leave little doubt as to the rights of the spotted owl, the desert tortoise, the autumn buttercup and the many other thousands of plant and animal species currently endangered due to our myopic view of our relationship with the earth.

Little will be accomplished until we realize dominion over the earth is not a license for destruction but rather a call to service. Today's ecological problems are but the consequences of something much deeper than politically made decisions—people's attitude toward the world, toward nature, toward others, toward *being* itself. △

the world

continued from page 9

pull back. We can't step outside the chain and "fix" it—the analogy makes no sense. But what we can do is to put ourselves in line with the natural order of the chain, and no longer try to drag the whole thing along behind us.

How does all this relate to cleaning up industrial waste, eliminating pollution, and preventing deforestation, you ask? No, I am not suggesting "the world" be invested with "human rights"—that's carrying pluralism too far. But I am suggesting we realize our need to care for ourselves and our families is only equal with our need to care for this world, and all its families. Yes, I suppose that "all things must be done in order." But what's wrong with fuel efficiency being considered as much a common sense imperative as fiscal efficiency? Or with cleaning the water supply being considered as essential as washing the body? The fact that millions of poor black and brown citizens of this globe die every year from starvation and dysentery is an incredible crime. So what if thousands of miles and billions of dollars separate us? If they are part of this planet, this stage, then they are part of this play, and are necessarily our environment, too.

A Bush administration official, before departing for the Rio conference, commented that, while there may be many treaties signed, nothing would be done to threaten our way of life: "The American life-style is not up for negotiation," he said. What a farce! Our lifestyle has been "negotiated" by oil from the Middle East, cattle from Brazil, semiconductor from Japan—certainly what those countries do about desertification, the rain forest, and pollution will matter to us. If we can only realize that there is an interdependence of

environment and economy—a total, global interdependence—then perhaps we might be willing to make sacrifices, to supply the technology needed by the Third World to farm more productively, to limit our intake of beef and oil so that land could be used for more efficient and less polluting needs, and so on. Yes, it will take change, education, sacrifice, and money to find alternatives to the Geneva's of the world—not every millworker can quit and take up computers, not every slash-and-burn farmer can stop and go back to school. Opportunities must be made, even at the expense of our own.

This may sound like too much—but I still believe that we can *never* say too much about the environment, because when we discuss conserving energy or water, we're really talking about conserving our lives, and that of our children. If I sound arrogant in making these claims, my only defense is that I am well acquainted with a beautiful land that sacrificed its air and water for progress. There was little or no consideration for the long-lasting damage our wastefulness would have, because, if anyone thought about it at all, it was assumed that *we could just come back to it and fix it someday*. Well you can't. The Earth can repair itself, but not if our over-consumptive society (and other jealous poverty-stricken societies) are so unwilling to see our own interconnectedness to ever give it a chance.

The time has come to recognize that we are not bound down by the links of this planet's limited resources, but rather *part of the great chain of being* that holds this planet together. In a very real way, we, you, and I, are the environment—the world. It's not "out there"; it's part of everything we do—and everything we do is what determines what the environment is. Our life-style is no more important than that of those in Sub-Saharan Africa or the Sahara itself. It's time for a change. △



Banned at BYU

Replicas of the beautiful silver medallion owned and carried by the prophet Joseph Smith have been banned from being sold in the BYU Campus Bookstore. Once offered on campus for \$39.95 these beautiful medallions are now only available by mail order. One wonders if Joseph himself would be allowed on the BYU campus today, after all he owned the original medallion. You can obtain your replica minted in one ounce of pure silver for the low summer price of only \$24.95 which includes postage and sales tax. This price will go up in September. Order now and save. Included with each order is a description of the characters on the medallion and a brief history of the medallion itself. Send \$24.95 to:

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TORQUED 'CAUSE YOU MISSED THE LAST ISH OF

Student REVIEW ?

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come to daddy

Hal picked himself up from the driveway, and began dusting himself off. Only then did he notice he was no longer wearing the beige slacks and navy-blue Harris-tweed jacket he had put on that morning; instead, he seemed to be clothed in some kind of loose fitting, white robe. Slowly, he turned around and found a body (*is that my body?* he thought), lying face down on the driveway, the face resting in a smear of blood. *What's the b—*, he started to say, but quickly stopped himself. *Am I, am I...*

I'm dead, and with that realization his life began to pass before him. Childhood, adolescence, first kiss, graduations from high school, college, grad school, marriage to Sarah (*not the first girl he kissed*), the birth of his daughter Jen, playing "come to daddy" with Jen as she let go of the tree branch and

by jonson kyle

squealed with both fear and delight as she fell towards him and

he caught her.

Only then did he realize that Jen's squeals were actually Sarah's screams of anger and fright. He quickly rushed into the house (*did I open the door or not?* he puzzled a moment) looking for Sarah. He found her in the kitchen, already bruised many times and with a long jagged gash along her cheek that slowly dripped blood on the grey speckled tile. Hal looked from the cut to her eyes, and saw a woman both frightened and angry, but willing to fight to protect what she had left of her family and her womanhood.

Hal rushed the assailant from behind, but no matter how much he tried to tear at the attacker, the more he failed as his hands couldn't find a grip on the man. He was left using imprecations and sobbing at the futility of saving his wife from abuse.

Suddenly, he felt a touch, or what he perceived as a touch. He turned around and found his grandpa standing behind him. (*you are not stooped, nor are you aged, yet, somehow I know you, grandfather*). No, his grandfather admonished as Hal started asking about Sarah, whose cries for help and anguish were becoming louder moment by moment, *save Jennifer. Sarah will be alright, but Jennifer needs your help. How?*

Bring her to you. As he started to bitterly protest *but that's murder* a sharp cry from Sarah tore Hal's look away from his grandfather for a moment, and when his searching, pleading eyes returned searching for his grandfather's, Hal realized he was no longer there. His grandfather had quietly left him to his predicament. *Is there no other way?* he shouted. But no one was there to answer him. Hal hesitated another moment, torn between somehow saving Sarah and following his grandpa's advice. But saving Sarah had proved futile. He would have to trust his grandpa.

He rushed upstairs to his daughter's room. *Jen, Jennifer, daddy's home. Wake up, it's daddy.* Sleepily, Jen opened her eyes and let a tired smile spread across her face. *Jen, daddy wants to play a game with you. I know you're tired but it's important to daddy. I want to play "come to daddy."* *I want you to go to the window, open it, and then stand in the window. I'll be outside to catch you. Okay? Can you do this for daddy? That's a good girl,* he said as she climbed from bed and went to the window.

With all the expertise that a four-year-old can muster when half awake, Jen pushed the window open. Since this was the fire escape window, there was no screen for her to move. gingerly, she lifted herself up on the sash and searched the ground below for her daddy. *There's nothing to be scared about, honey. Daddy will catch you. Yes, I know it's a long way down, but I'm here for you, like I've always been. Come Jen, come to daddy. No, mommy isn't screaming, that's the t.v. Come Jen, jump. Come to daddy.*

A shot rang out and the screaming stopped. Jen looked back into the house. *Jen, don't worry about that. That was just the t.v. again. Jump now. Hurry. Jump into daddy's arms.* Jen looked down again and saw her mommy standing next to her daddy, looking up at her and smiling. It didn't seem so far down now. In fact, it looked like her daddy's fingers were just a foot or so below the window, reaching up to catch her. She tentatively swung most of her body out of the window, and squealing with delight and fear, she let go of the window.

And fell into her daddy's arms.

"That was a good girl, Jennifer," her mom said. "You were very brave."

Jen gave her daddy a hard squeeze and laughed with relief. "That was fun daddy. Can we do it again?"

"Sometime soon, sometime soon, Jen. You were a good girl, daddy's very brave girl." △

sanitarium

by yvette young

In the jail-like mesh
rests the refuse.

A string of spittle flows
from the curled corner of his open mouth;

Hunched, fetal,
his gnarled hands

clutching skeletal knees to his chest.

Wasted potential fights to live;
the body loses its battle, but the soul goes on.

Unkempt hair,
wild and liberated

is the timorous residue of the lucid mind.

With the sum of its fading strength
the fiery pith rages
against the confines of
the mind,
the body,
the package.

He rocks
gently,
back and forth;
He rocks.

literary snacks for summer

Summer is all around us. Time slows and allows for indulgences winter prevents: vegetable gardens, wildflowers, backyards. More time for reading and thinking. Time for hammocks, mid-day walks, and solitude. But in case time still speeds too quickly for long reading lists, Jane Smiley provides a wholesome, quick read with her two novellas in *Ordinary Love & Goodwill*.

Annie Dillard, in her book *Pilgrim At Tinker Creek*, explains how she tries to avoid "the soup of human emotions." Alternatively, Jane Smiley, in her novellas, seems to seek them. She examines her subject with as much scrutiny as Dillard applies to the natural world, but using human relationships and emotions instead of science and nature.

Smiley's book includes two novellas, *Ordinary Love* and *Goodwill*. I read *Goodwill* first, loaned it to a friend who read *Ordinary Love*, and then we traded. *Goodwill* takes the reader up to a country house and enters practically mid-conversation into the life of a small family. The reader hears the man describing his family "income" and lifestyle. Later his wife and their young son complete the pictured family that live there—simply and happily, but not forever after. The first half sounds like an ideal self-sufficient life that could easily persuade one to pack up and move to such unencumbered places and

space and upon arriving learn to make furniture and weave sweaters for cold days without electric heat. Sadly, things begin to sour as the family finds it is not immune to life's tangles. When the story ends the reader is left wondering why or what made such a disturbance that turned a gentle life to one of disarray.

Ordinary Love looks at a mother's perspective on her family. She is in her fifties, divorced, and longing to understand her sons and explain the events that have disrupted their lives. The fragility of the relationships and careful communication reveal this woman's desire to make new connections with those she loves. It is a realistic view where all are fallible, all are human; life is both ongoing and often unresolving, but one keeps trying. She observes and attempts to appreciate what openness comes, while longing for more alliance. At one point she is talking to her son and he starts to weep. He has been away and there are hard changes. She says little and does not succeed in comforting him; she does hardly more than observe. Waiting and silence are not uncommon to her. She is past wanting to control her family and no longer wants to be thought of only as mother. The story gives light to see and understand the dynamics of emotion and family in a poignant

way.

It may be a good choice to read this book starting with the second story and then read the first. The first story makes *Ordinary Love* seem much more fictional and sort of ruins the dream. Each story is distinct and the moods quite different. *Goodwill* pays more attention to place and events while *Ordinary Love* focuses on relationships. Together they can fit into one day's reading. They can be thought of as literary snacks, nourishing and fulfilling, but not demanding all the attention of a full novel. △

artsy clip 'n save quote

"Every creator painfully experiences the chasm between his inner vision and its ultimate expression. The chasm is never completely bridged. We all have the conviction, perhaps illusory, that we have much more to say than appears on the paper."

— Issac Bashevis Singer



color me badd in concert

Color Me Badd showed up on the music scene last year with "I Wanna Sex You Up" from the *New Jack City* soundtrack which became the year's only double-platinum single. In July 1991 they released their debut album *C.M.B.* which has gone on to surpass "triple-platinum" status and continues to be one of the hottest-selling albums around the world. Other popular singles include "I Adore Mi Amor," "All 4 Love," "Thinkin' Back," and "Slow Motion."

Each member of CMB comes from a different cultural and racial background but came together six years ago at high school in Oklahoma City and began their musical venture. Their impromptu concerts at school were eventually banned because too many students clogged the halls. A

Color Me Badd will be in concert at Park West, 25 June. Tickets are \$22 reserved, \$17 general admission, and are still available through Smith-Tix at 1-800-888-8499.

what to watch on video

Kisses for my President: This 1964 "what if?" political satire stars Polly Bergen as the first woman to preside in the Oval Office, with Fred MacMurray as her hapless First Hubby. *Not Rated*

Alien Space Avenger: Planet Earth is transformed into a ravaged battleground when an alien space craft, piloted by four outer galaxy convicts, crash lands in New York City. Stalked by a fearless intergalactic bounty hunter whose mission is to terminate them, the aliens attack and hide inside the bodies of unsuspecting humans in order to avoid discovery until they find a rare mineral essential to their escape. With the human race at the brink of extinction, only the alien avenger has the power to seek and destroy the enemy within. *Not Rated*

Armed for Action: For war veteran Sgt. Phil

by rick carpenter

Towers, transporting known Mafia hitmen David Montel from New York to Los Angeles seemed like a routine mission. Halfway across the country, Towers is ambushed by ten of the mob's top gunmen, and the action begins. Trapped in a small town that has been taken over by criminals, Towers's only chance of survival is to lead a small band of local citizens on an all-out assault to regain control of their town. *Not Rated*

Roseanne Arnold—Live from Trump Castle: After a limousine lift onstage from one-of-a-kind Donald Trump, Roseanne gets right down to funny business with the unique wit that has made her America's favorite comic diva. Husband Tom shows up as an awkward side-kick. 55 minutes—*Not Rated* (but it's close to an R for language and content).

Dead in the Water: Charlie Deegan (Bryan

Brown) is a big-time lawyer with an even bigger problem—a rich wife (Anne De Salvo) who he'd rather see dead. Together with Laura (Teri Hatcher), his beautiful secretary and mistress, Charlie devises the perfect plan to dispose of his annoying spouse and collect her money. But the intricate plan goes awry when Charlie becomes the suspect for the wrong murder. *Rated PG-13.*

Munchie: No friends. School stinks. And mom (Loni Anderson) is in love with a sleazy lawyer (Andrew Stevens). Pretty bleak. That's how life looks to ten-year-old Gage (Jamie McEnnan) when into his world pops the magical Munchie (Dom DeLuise). Munchie is a mysterious creature from another world who delivers flying pizzas and brings on the parties. With the help of Munchie and the loony Professor Cruikshank (Art Johnson), Gage discovers dance, learns the meaning of romance and figures out how to solve his problems. *Rated PG.*

Ladies of the Chorus: Marilyn Monroe stars as a leggy burlesque chorus girl who meets and falls in love with a man who comes from a completely different social background. As it turns out, her mother had fallen for the very same man years before. *Not Rated*



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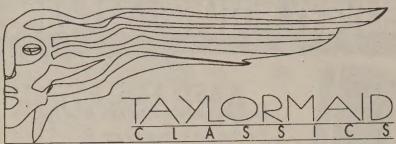
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Student REVIEW

Chris Kenney 374-8032

FACES

mr. eyre goes to ... salt lake?

Mr. Richard Eyre is currently in a three way race for the Republican nomination for Governor of Utah with Mike Leavitt and Mike Stewart. Mr. Eyre has not run for office before but his background is full of political experience. After obtaining an undergraduate degree in political science from Utah State University, he came to BYU for a masters before going to Harvard for a Master of Business Administration. Since graduating from Harvard, he founded a consulting firm in Washington D.C., received two presidential appointments by President Ronald Reagan, and served on the staffs of two senators and two governors. Mr. Eyre is the author of 20 books, one of which is entitled Utah

in the Year 2000: Choice or Chance. Student Review talked with Mr. Eyre about the current gubernatorial race and about his vision of Utah's future.

SR Why did you feel writing the book *Utah in the Year 2000* was necessary and how does it relate to politics?

Eyre We're into the 90s—eight years from the year 2000—and Utah stands at a crossroads. What we do over the next four years—about education,



increase.

SR One of your pamphlets says, "No one takes more seriously the stewardship of Utah's natural and human resources." That is a strong assertion. How do you propose to ensure proper use of these resources?

Eyre Impose stiff fines for individual and industrial polluters. The principle is simple. It costs to clean up. The person who makes the mess should clean it up or pay for having it cleaned up. We can measure car emissions quantitatively and quite accurately. We can do the same with industrial pollution. Those who make the mess should pay for it—proportionately. We are gaining the ability to isolate, measure, and deal with the particular and actual sources of pollution rather than regulating, checking, inconveniencing, and charging everyone. Regarding some of the other environmental issues, I think we can take proper care of the environment while still utilizing the "multiple use" concept. Wayne Owens' proposal to designate 5.7 million acres of Utah lands as wilderness is ludicrous. We need to shore up our agricultural and mining interests, not abandon them.

SR How do you view the race?

Eyre I am clearly the more conservative candidate. More than just having a political philosophy, I have defined market-oriented solutions to our problems. My book *Utah in the Year 2000* spells out the principles on which Utah's government should operate in the 90s and sets forth specific issue positions consistent with those principles. The office is being sought to implement the principles rather than positions being developed to get elected. Some "campaign schools" teach that there are four basic approaches to politics. First, through issues. Second, through background and qualifications. Third, through endorsements. And fourth, through negative campaigning. Approaches one and two engage and respect voters' intelligence. Excessive use of approach three or any use of approach four insults voters' intelligence. This campaign, win or lose, will be run relentlessly on approaches one and two. △

the goodwill

You shop at the Goodwill because it makes you feel good. Not because you have to. Not because you are helping the intellectually challenged but for other, more selfish reasons. When you leave the Goodwill, fat plastic bags in each hand, your head is full of ideas: pictures of you in your "new" green cardigan that was broken in to the point of feeling almost like cashmere. How you would painstakingly rip out the seams in the plaid golf pants and make them a skirt. No one at school would have the same shirt as you because a man named Big Al had owned it up to that point. (You know his name because it's embossed on the front patch.

by rebecca butler

The back reads "League Champions, 1979, Sponsor: Mary's Stop and Sip.")

You find a pair of black wingtips with the word "MAXWELL" printed in caps on the inside of the heel. Maxwell. First or last name? Old or young? You don't really know but you bet he drove a white Impala. You hope so. You hope he was from Milwaukee and that he married a slightly plump girl named Ruth, originally from Kansas City. Surely they had a child, Tommy, who wore his hair in a blonde buzz cut and drank Yoo-hoos after ball practice. Maxwell played catch with young Tom on breezy Saturdays in a green and blue plaid shirt and Chuck Taylors. (You wonder where this shirt is now and if he ever wore out

those Chucks.) You think that Maxwell's probably gone now, died a little too early because of those Lucky Strikes he used to smoke in his twenties. You hope you don't run into Ruth at Safeway with these shoes on because she may recognize them and begin to cry. She is, you suppose, still in that inevitable mourning period that one must brave following the death of their spouse. But surely Maxwell's in a good place and Tom brings his children, Lindsay and Jonathan, down to visit annually. (He is, you assume, a hotshot lawyer up in Seattle now.)

The lady that rings you up at the Goodwill has bleach blonde hair that looks like a wig. She wears aqua eyeshadow and long, dangly moon earrings. She never says much more than, "...and four thirty-seven is your change." She doesn't smile at you. But you see her flirting sometimes with the moustached man in the furniture section. You think she is content; she is happy to work at the Goodwill. She probably has first dibs on everything that comes in, probably for half-price. But you don't feel threatened because she probably snatches up items of the purple cowl-neck sweater variety. You take your change and leave the store, pausing to look at some orange stoneware certainly owned at one point by a woman named Carla

games to play

ABSTRACTS: Simple Enough For Quayle!

The game Abstracts is a cross between "password" and "twenty questions." Teams try to guess famous people, places and things using abstract clues given by a clue-giver on each team. For example, if the word you are trying to get your team to guess is San Francisco you could draw a question card that might ask, "If you were a food, what would you be?" The clue-giver's response might be Rice-A-Roni, bay shrimp, or sourdough bread. If the team doesn't guess correctly, play passes to the other team. Play goes back and forth between the teams until a team guesses correctly.

Abstracts is definitely abstract. During our first couple of rounds playing the game, it was hard to get in the groove of giving and interpreting such off-the-wall clues. Some of the names and questions can produce a difficult combination. For example, if the word to guess is "Lebanon" and the question card asks, "If you were something in a department store, what would you be?" you couldn't respond with "a machine gun" which is definitely not found in a department store. However, you might be able to say, "a map of the Middle East" (depending upon how lax the other team is).

Abstracts was recently featured on the David Letterman show when Letterman saw a picture of Mike Agrelius (the game's inventor) handing a game to Dan Quayle. It looks like Abstracts is so simple, even the Vice-President can play! And besides that, it's fun. Available at Games People Play in the University Mall for \$22.95. △



Student **U**nderground **n**etwork

CALENDAR

If you would like something in the calendar call Brenton at 375-3767.

THEATRE

June 16 - Aug. 3, "Catch Me If You Can", Hale Center Theatre.
 June 16 - July 27, "Arsenic And Old Lace", Orem Hale Center Theatre.
 June 16 - July 31, "Robin Hood", "Bever Rabbit and the Tar Baby", "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe", City Rep.
 June 16 - 20, "Ballad of the Mountain Meadow", TheatreWorks West, Jewett Center.
 July 23 - Aug. 8, "Talley's Folly", Pardoe Drama Theatre. Tickets call 378-3875.
 July 29 - Aug. 9, "Les Misérables", Capitol Theatre, (50 W 200 S SLC). For info call 355-2200.

THEATRE GUIDE

Jewett Center, Westminster College, 1250 E 1700 S. Tickets: 583-6520.
 Babcock Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: 581-6961.
 Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City Tickets: 649-9371.
 Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: 364-5696.
 Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: 484-9257.

Orem Hale Center Theatre, 225 W. 400 N. Tickets: 226-8600.
 Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: 581-6961.
 Provo Town Square Theatre, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Theater: 375-7300.
 Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N. 168 W., SLC Tickets: 363-0525.
 Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: 532-6000.

MUSIC

June 28, New World String Quartet, Red Butte Garden, 6:30 pm, \$8. Call July 12, Pentangle, Red Butte Garden, 6:30 pm, \$12.
 Temple Square Concert Series All concerts begin at 7:30 in the Assembly Hall and are free.
 June 24, Kent Lyman, piano
 June 26, Utah Opera Company Young Artists
 June 27, Kelly Hubbard, piano
 Sundays, Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," from 9:30-10:00 a.m. Please be seated by 9:15 a.m.
 Thursdays, Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, 8:00-9:30 p.m. Free.
 Utah Symphony
 Call 533-NOTE for tickets and info. Students are only \$5 with a Student I.D.

FILM

Varsity Theatre June 18 - 22, The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detec

tive June 25 - 29, Pure Luck

CINEMA GUIDE

Movies 8 Call 375-5667 for current listings and show times. Only \$1, \$1.50 on weekends.
 Villa Theatre 254 S. Main, Springville, 489-3088, \$1
 Academy Theatre, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.
 Avalon Theatre, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.
 Carillon Square Theatres, 224-5112.
 Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.
 Mann Central Square Theatre, 374-6061.
 Scera Theatre, 745 S. State, Orem, 235-2560.
 Tower Theatre, 875 E. 900 S. SLC, 359-9234.

ART

June 16 - July 3, "Out of the Land: Utah Women", B.F. Larsen Gallery
 Springville Museum of Art (126 E. 400 S.) 489-2727
 June 16 - July 12, 18th Annual Quilt Show
 June 16 - July 16, "A View of Six: Utah Arts Council"

USEFUL PHONE NUMBERS

Legacy Foundation, information concerning orientation issues, call 373-0515.
 Vatican, 011-39-6-6982.

Kremlin, 011-0107-095-295 9051.
 White House, 202-456-1414
 Governor, 538-1000.
 Center for Women and Children in Crisis, 374-9351.
 Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.
 Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.
 Uinta National Forest, 377-5780.
 Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.
 General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.
 UTA, 375-4636.
 Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.
 LDS Social Services, 378-7620.
 BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.
 Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.
 Time and Temperature, 373-9120.

STUDENT REVIEW RADIO

Saturday nights at Godfathers Pizza AM 960 is sponsoring local band night. Check it out.

Broadcasting 24 hours a day SUN (Student Underground Network) on AM 960.

SUNDANCE

July 14, Sundance Bluegrass Festival, 10 am to 8 pm
 June 27 - Sept. 5, "Carousel" Sundance Outdoor Theatre
 June 27 - Aug. 29, "The Adventures of For Quinly", "The Right Self", Sundance Children's Theatre
 June 16 - Sept. Mt. Timpanogos Hike and Bike Call 225-4100 for tickets.

what's new at the atrium

The Atrium Restaurant, located at the corner of 1230 N. and University, has made a change. A change in style, in menu, and in service. Owned and operated by John Lesser, the Atrium's goal is to provide good casual dining at a reasonable price in an atmosphere where everyone will feel comfortable. How you come dressed is not a concern, wear your "grubby attire" or your Sunday best.

The building formerly housed Fryer Tucks which was moved next door by the owner, John Lesser, to better suit Fryer Tucks' style, fast food. Fine dining came next in the form of the Cajun Restaurant. The Cajun style was recently changed to better suit the needs of the students in Provo and provide them with casual dining in a more relaxed ambiance.

What the Atrium offers is the best of both Fryer Tucks and the Cajun. When Fryer Tucks was in the building it was a place to hang out, to enjoy the company of friends in a relaxed atmosphere. Though the Atrium offers slightly more upscale cuisine than Fryer Tucks, it has maintained the casual atmosphere, and even added to it.

Many of the menu items from the Cajun have stayed on at the Atrium. The food is great and the prices are very reasonable. Some of the menu items include:

Ice Cream Soda.....	\$1.95
Mixed Bar Drinks (non-alcoholic).....	\$1.95
Mozzarella Sticks.....	\$2.95
Buffalo Wings.....	\$3.95
Old Fashioned Burger.....	\$2.95
Chicken and Swiss.....	\$3.75
Fish & Chips (with potato wedges)....	\$3.95
Fried Chicken (with potato wedges)....	\$4.95
Cajun Chicken Diane (with cornbread and soup or salad)....	\$6.95

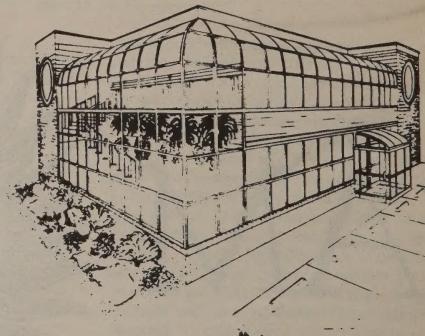
The new restaurant is also unique in many ways. It has a full service bar with non-alcoholic drinks. Pina coladas, strawberry daiquiris, margaritas, blue hawaiians, domestic and imported non-alcoholic beers are all on the menu. A delectable selection of finger foods from hush puppies to alligator strips is at your disposal and many are a meal in and of themselves.

Interesting entrees include blackened catfish, sauteed shrimp, cajun chicken diane, and snow crab. And the ice cream is out of this world. An ever expanding dessert menu includes flaming hot fudge flambe, banana foster, and an assortment of ice cream sodas that are addicting. The menu has been specialized with the student budget in mind.

Not only has the menu been specialized, but the whole restaurant caters to the needs of the student. The Atrium stays open until 1:00 am nightly and is equipped with two large screen TVs to provide entertainment for all. Sporting events like Jazz games attract an enthusiastic crowd. You can eat while watching letterman, cheers, or any of your favorite T.V. shows.

All in all the Atrium restaurant is a great restaurant with a variety of advantages. You can drop in for just a bite or have a full meal. It is a great place to go after the movies to enjoy and ice cream soda or just be with friends.

What you've been looking for all along is right in the heart of Provo, and it is called the Atrium.



1230 North and University

The Atrium Restaurant

"Great casual dining in the heart of Provo."

Come see what you've been missing:
 • Cheers • Letterman
 • Jazz games • M*A*S*H
 • Married with Children

All on our big screen
 T.V.s until 1:00 am!

2 free ice cream sodas

Choose from a variety of delicious flavors

(With Purchase of a Finger Food. Expires July 21, 1992)

OTHER

Every Tuesday from March thru October there will be road bike races at the West Stadium Parking Lot. Call Outdoor Unlimited at 378-2708 or Randy Larsen at 370-2367 for info.
 Monday night poetry, 7-8pm, at Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State Street.
 Massages, full body, full hour,\$16, call 359-2528.
 BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights, 492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m., call 378-5396.
 Geneva Steel Plant Tours, MTuWF at 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., free Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.
 Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC.
 Shows include Laser Beaters, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.
 Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #29, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.